

NEWS AND GOSSIP OF SCREEN AND STAGE

(Continued from page 3, second section.)

ent at the studios. She radiates child-like innocence and without indicating affection gives the impression that she has not yet graduated from the shy and unobtrusive class.

"The Captive God" is an Aztec story dealing with that peculiar race from an historic as well as romantic standpoint, and the Misses Enid Markey, Dorothy Dalton and Dorcas Matthews, therefore, were compelled to shed modern gowns and don the garb—the less cumbersome garb—of Aztec and Tehuana maidens. Each young woman is a striking brunette type and her beauty, as she tripped gracefully about the various settings during the filming of the drama, was accentuated by the weird adornments becoming her characterization.

Talent," newest of the Vogue-Mutual two-reel comedies of which Robt. Miller is the director as well as the star, assisted by the laughable Ben Turpin, Lillian Hamilton, a newcomer to Vogue-Mutual releases, has the feminine lead. The story deals with two vagabonds who find two suit cases dropped by a team of "ham fat" actors, who had been chased out of town because of their poor performance. Tube and Ben decide to give a performance of East Lynne. What happened to these two near actors furnishes one of the most laughable stories ever screened.

One of the New York City magistrates recently said: "In the Second Magistrate's District, which includes Queens, Brooklyn and Richmond Boroughs in 1917, when the total population of these boroughs



FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN AND BEVERLY BAYNE AS "ROMEO" AND "JULIET" IN THE ELABORATE METRO PICTURIZATION OF THE GREAT SHAKESPEARIAN PLAY

When Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne, the greatest stellar combination in motion pictures, are seen in the big screen production of "Romeo and Juliet," an ambition of many years standing will then be realized by these two stars. It has always been their dream to appear together in this production, and Metro is leaving nothing undone to make it one of the year's screen sensations.

Never before in the history of the silent drama, has there been a more elaborate or artistic production. More than five hundred people were used in some of the biggest scenes. Castles of millionaires, near New York City, were used with their spacious grounds, and in staging many of the outdoor scenes an entire Italian city, of the fourteenth century type, was constructed for the street scenes in Verona. A notable supporting cast includes scores of actors and actresses who have been featured in many stage productions.

The Universal Film Company, in connection with the New York Evening World, and the co-operation and approval of the Board of Health has inaugurated a unique campaign for the education of the public in methods of checking the spread of the epidemic of infantile paralysis, which is terrifying parents in New York at present. Motion pictures are displayed in the streets at the tail of an army transport wagon, and the innovation has proved startling enough to catch the attention of the public as nothing else could do.

Announcement is made that William Clifford, who for the last eight months has been co-starring with Margaret Gibson in two-act Centaur-Mutual dramas, is to head a company of his own. For the time being he will star in one and two-act releases.

Margaret Gibson, who at present is enjoying a well-earned vacation, will, upon her return to the Los Angeles studios, be placed at the head of a company especially selected for her. A number of scores of a sociological and physiological nature are now being prepared for Miss Gibson, in which she will be presented in various novel roles.

Harrison Gordon has been engaged to play an important part in the new production starring Emmy Wehlen, which will be made by Metro-Rolle, under the direction of George D. Baker. Gordon was for two years with Thanhouser, playing leads in Mutual master pictures. He was with Reliance a year and a half, with Victor-Universal a year, and also appeared with the Famous Players and with Salox. Among his best characterizations have been the part of Dorian Gray in "The Picture of Dorian Gray," Tom Tully in "The Mill on the Flats," "The Disciples of Nietzsche," "God's Witness," "The Oval Diamond" and "The Image Maker of Thebes."

Armed with nothing but a motion picture camera, and plenty of nerve and determination Stan Wilbur, the Horsley-Mutual star and Director Robert B. Broadwell and cameraman Robert Turnbull together with three members of the producing force recently invaded Mexican territory in search of thrills and realism, for "Somewhere in Mexico," a forthcoming Horsley-Mutual military drama of which Mr. Wilbur is the featured player. The party remained in Mexican territory for three days, during which they had a number of near clashes with some of the natives.

What is regarded as one of the most spectacular pieces of realism ever injected into a motion picture, is being planned for the filming of several of the important scenes of "The Manager of the B. and A." the forthcoming Singal-Mutual Star Production, featuring Helen Hoimer. The plot of the story, adapted for the screen from Vaughn Kester's story of the same name, calls for the actual blowing up of a locomotive while it is moving at high speed. As a result of the destruction of the mogul, a fire, which rapidly spreads to the surrounding country, follows, ending with the devastation of a large section of the forest land.

Numerous unusual comedy situations have been worked into "Home



Mary Miles Minter, the Little Mutual Star, Enjoying a Day at the Beach.

Mary Miles Minter is an "Indestructible blonde." Nature put on her complexion in a rare delicacy of coloring that just suits the truth telling camera. While other actresses worry about a blazing California sun, Miss Minter luxuriates in "light baths" on the benches. "Soap, water and exercise, also a lot of sleep," is Miss Minter's complexion prescription. Miss Minter's first American-Mutual picture, just completed, is called "Youth's Engineering Charm," which is very like Mary

ONE-EYE THROWS A BOMB INTO GREENLAW'S PLACE

Lets Loose Parthian Arrow and Leaves Trouble Behind in Barroom.

(By DAVID A. CURTIS.)

The arrival of the one-eyed man at old man Greenlaw's little saloon on the levee in Arkansas City just at the time when the minds of all who were there were fixed on him was unexpected, though certainly unexpected. With the solitary exception of the dove of peace, all the regular frequenters of the saloon were there. Mr. Owen Pepper, who frequented it irregularly, was there also.

The addition of the one-eyed man to the little circle made it a practical certainty that stirring events would ensue under any great delay. And under the circumstances it could hardly be questioned that the dove of peace had shown remarkable acumen in alighting herself, as she had, before One Eye's arrival.

For a single moment there was no response to One Eye's question, propounded as he entered at the door. In fact a reply seemed superfluous.

Stunned by the Question.

"Is they anybody in these parts wants to see me?" he asked and for that single moment the sublime audacity of the question stunned them all.

Slight as the delay was, it sufficed to give the one-eyed man an opportunity to step up to the bar, and he did so. Leaning his elbow on it, he said off-handedly, "Let's liquor." As he said it he leered offensively as if to show his comprehension of the hollow mockery of his words.

Never before in the history of that saloon had the two magic words failed to be the prelude to a ceremonial observance of what at least pretended to be a social occasion. Never before had the old man failed to proffer refreshments when he heard them. And never before had the others failed to step forward at the invitation. But this time, no.

Old Man Shows His Feelings.

There is hardly a doubt that old man Greenlaw thrived as greedily as did any of the others for vengeance on the miscreant who had intruded thus rashly for the numerous outrages he had committed on the premises on previous occasions. All remembered that the old man had so declared himself, and his sincerity was not to be questioned. Indeed, he had proved it only a few minutes before by financing a trip which Joe Bassett was just about to take for the sole purpose of finding the one-eyed man and doing away with him. When the old man put up money for anything he wanted it.

The mind of the man, however, is complex, and in the case of old man Greenlaw it was also agile. On the instant his desire leaped from one consummation to another, and the moral grandeur of his rugged nature was never more conclusively shown than it was by the promptitude with which he settled in the present emergency and by the character of his utterance when Bassett sprang forward with manslaughter in his mind, hands uplifted.

Placing one hand on the bar at the same time that he grabbed his bungstarter in the other, he rose in the air with surprising agility, and after tracing a beautiful parabola with his chunky frame landed with a heavy hand directly between Bassett and the object of his onslaught, waving the bungstarter in such a fashion as to leave no doubt in the minds of the beholders that he was fully prepared to use it in the case of necessity. And when he alighted he stood facing toward Bassett.

"If they is a massicree to be did on the premises," he said peremptorily, "I'm gwine to be the one to begin it. But first off they's got to be legal p'ceedings. All things 'I be did decent an' in order, as the Good Book says, 's long 's I'm runnin' the place."

"Cording to law, if a man calls fo' a round o' drinks into a public house the p'p'ter's b'leeged fo' to serve 'em, an' this yer's a public house an' I'm the p'p'ter. They'll be fo' his comin' fo' the round, an' they ain't no sense in lettin' that much money git away. Principles is got to be maintained if the roof caves in."

Bassett in Great Fury.

During this utterance, which despite the excitement of the occasion was delivered calmly and deliberately, Bassett was fit to be tied. He fairly bubbled at the mouth so great was his fury.

Had it not been for the bungstarter he would undoubtedly have continued his advance toward the one-eyed man. But he would have been a less formidable fighter than he was had he been less wary, and he respected the old man thus roused and thus armed.

It seemed practically certain that his desire for the extinction of the one-eyed man would very shortly be gratified in any case, and though he girded heavily at the old man's dithering, he restrained himself rather than turn the very apparent risk of being brained with the bungstarter. It took a great deal to bring Mr. Bassett to a pause when he entered on a quarrel, but this time he was certainly up against a great obstacle. Therefore he paused, furious as he was.

Knew the F-licking Appeal.

The one-eyed man, observing this, removed his hand from the pocket where he usually carried a knife, and drawing a small vial from another pocket, slapped that down on the bar as evidence of his intention to pay for the drinks. Temerarious as he was in venturing thus in the jaws of death, he was by no means neglectful of favorable chances, and he seemed to realize that an appeal to the old man has established a truce, one best bet at the moment.

When Bassett had rushed toward him he had stood expectant of the shock with no appearance of any desire to avoid it, but when he said that the fracas was to be postponed he remained where he was, prepared, as it seemed for anything that might happen and wholly indifferent as to what it might be. For the moment at least the old man had established a truce, and had also established his own position as the master of ceremonies. And since Bassett did not dispute that

position no one else in the room cared to do so.

Nevertheless the fracas seemed inevitable.

"Oh, I don't know," Mr. Owen Pepper murmured to himself, "I reckon they'll be some'n' 'diddin' soon's the old man is done c'lected fo' them drinks."

No other conclusion was possible in consideration of the attitude of the company toward the one-eyed man. It was noticeable, however, that Bassett was the only person present who refused to drink with the one-eyed man, when old man Greenlaw, having made his proclamation, and having satisfied himself that the desired status was to be maintained temporarily, turned and resumed his station behind the bar much less precipitately than he had left it.

Very deliberately, but without delay, he produced a bottle of whiskey and a sufficient number of glasses for all, and spread them out on the bar, and all with the exception noted stepped forward promptly. Mr. Bassett, however, raised his voice.

Bassett Gives Views.

"I ain't gwine to drink with no—," he said, and went on with a bunch of language that would not appear seemingly in print.

Although he did not specifically state that he was characterizing the one-eyed man, all understood that he intended his words to apply to no one else, and that the refusal to drink was prompted solely by the desire to subject him to the last and most supreme indignity that could be offered. As for the others in the room they were content for the moment to observe the etiquette of the occasion, and they poured out their drinks.

"That thar," said the old man calmly when Bassett had finished, "is a matter fo' yo' all an' One Eye to settle among yo' two. Yo' all's drink is done been set out, an' I'll have to be paid fo', whether yo' takes it or not." And he looked intently at the one-eyed man as if to make sure that this last statement was thoroughly understood.

As for that gentleman, he remained to all appearance, entirely indifferent to minor matters. Not even Bassett's deadly insult shook his composure. It was as if having determined for reasons of his own to put himself in a position in which his personal safety was no longer to be taken into account no other consideration appealed to him.

Staked His Life on Venture.

Why he had done it no one but himself understood, and the mystery was never thereafter cleared up, but the general belief was that he had become so infatuated by the pursuit of gambling as a profession that he had staked his life in the venture for the pure love of excitement without the hope of any adequate winning to be made in any event.

Some inkling of this came to Jim Blaisdell, as he noted the impassive demeanor of the man he hated with no less intensity than did the others, and being himself of a somewhat similar disposition he was irresistibly impelled to express his admiration of One Eye's dauntless bearing.

"Yo' all sho' is kin to the devil," he said, knowing no higher compliment to offer. And other's solitary optic gleamed with appreciation of his foe's tribute.

"I reckon if me an' yo' was to travel an' set in together," he said, thoughtfully, "they wouldn't nobody be liable fo' to get away with a helluva lot. I hain't never had no side pardner, bein' 's I never knowed nobody afo' what played no kyind of a game with considerin' 'd fo' yo' all 'd' keer about takin' a flyer, I dunno but what I'd take a chance."

"I reckon th' ain't nothin' yo' all wouldn't take," replied Blaisdell, "I'divin' 'twain nailed down."

The words implied indifference, and he strove to make his tone correspond to them, but there was no one present so ignorant of the methods of draw poker as to fail to see that he was at least interested in the tentative proposal.

And they perceived a new peril in the presence of the most dangerous person in the Mississippi valley. Not one in the room failed to remember that Blaisdell's wonderful skill with cards was at least one of the main factors of Arkansas City's prosperity, and more especially of the success of old man Greenlaw's business.

They had always counted, no without reason, on Blaisdell's good faith toward them. Too shrewd a man to run counter to his own interests by double-crossing his associates, he had always played fair so far as they were concerned, but there could be no doubt that despite his words, the prospect of an alliance with the only man who was his peer at the poker table was alluring to him. And their own poker sense was too highly developed for them to fail to perceive it.

Once more Mr. Owen Pepper murmured to himself, "Oh, I don't know." And he chuckled inwardly with malicious glee.

"I reckon th' ain't no call fo' to d'lay the p'ceedin's no mo', now the drinks is paid fo'," said the old man and he picked up his bungstarter again and came around to the front of the bar less suddenly than he had come before, but with a quick step and considerable fire in his eye.

Quick as he was, however, he was too late to make use of his weapon in the way he had evidently intended to do when he started. Mr. Bassett had beat him to it.

With a roar of rage that seemed to shake the room, that gentleman had sprung forward, reaching out for the one-eyed man as if to grapple him in a deadly embrace. And Winterbottom and Pearsall had both produced derringers. Mr. Winterbottom taking an old-fashioned derringer from his vest pocket and Mr. Pearsall fetching a heavy revolver from somewhere in his rear. Mr. Pepper looked on as if well pleased at the prospect, but Mr. Blaisdell withdrew himself slightly and assumed an air of abstraction. They had often seen him look thus when considering to call, raise or lay down.

Mr. Bassett had only a few feet to go, and he moved with remarkable agility, considering the size of him; but when he arrived at the spot where

the one-eyed man was standing, the one-eyed man was elsewhere.

Some eight feet away was another spot from which he could more conveniently leap through a window that was partly open than he could from ed himself in two jumps, seemingly his station by the bar, and by utilizing this as a half-way station he absent-mindedly changed his mind as to the advisability of being with them. A good poker player will often change his mind as the chance of the game varies.

Mr. Pepper, being unwilling to miss any of the details, followed the three men who rushed violently outside, leaving Blaisdell and old man Greenlaw alone in the room. It was as if the old man's heart was too heavy for him to join in the pursuit. He looked at Blaisdell with the gravest apprehension.

"Yo' all ain't gwine to listen to no sich preposition as that, be yo', Jim?" he said. His voice broke as he spoke, and the words sounded like a piteous entreaty, but Mr. Blaisdell was unmoved.

"I reckon I'll travel the river fo' a spell," he said, "if One-Eye gets away."

SEES A LET UP IN PROSPERITY

Col. Buckner of du Pont Firm Says It Has Been Due to War.

NEW YORK, Aug. 5.—"The non-renewal of munition contracts by the Allies in the United States does not necessarily mean that the war will end in 1916," says Colonel E. C. Buckner, vice-president of the du Pont Powder Company.

"Neither does it mean that the war won't end until then," he continued. "What it does mean is that the Allies, and in particular England, have made arrangements for the manufacture of sufficient shells and ammunition themselves."

The Colonel, who with his wife, is spending a few days at the Waldorf prior to going to Maine for a vacation, said that England wisely did not want to continue a situation where it was dependent on foreign nations for the supply of ammunition.

"There is no doubt that the war has brought a tremendous prosperity to the United States. Travel from east to west and you won't find an idle man. Before the war there was a deplorable stagnation in business. In my own works our normal number of employees is between 15,000 and 20,000. Yet before the outbreak of the war the depression was so great that this number was reduced to under 6,000. After the outbreak of the war we didn't begin to manufacture powder for the Allies until October, 1914, and then we hired every man who presented himself until the month before last we were employing 66,000."

"Some idea of the prosperity which followed may be gauged by the fact that in far less than two years we have paid \$49,000,000 in wages. Indirectly, by ordering of new machinery and our orders to other manufacturers, we have caused payment in wages of another half of that amount. What has happened in our own concern has happened generally."

Asked if the end of the war would not cause a relapse to the ante-bellum stagnation, the Colonel replied he did not think so.

"Our country," he said, "can get along with half the prosperity it has enjoyed during the last twenty-three months. The ruined countries of Europe must be rebuilt and they must come to us for their raw material."

WINS RAILROAD WITH COOKING

Commissioners, Knowing Mrs. Mingsus's Meals, Chose Nearby Route.

MACON, Mo., Aug. 5.—There is said to be a suspicion in the west part of the county that an excellent dinner served the county seat highway commissioners by Mrs. W. A. Mingsus, of Goldsberry had something to do with the location of the route by Goldsberry.

The route in question is from Macon to Milan, the county seat of Sullivan county. Western Macon county was a strong rival for the road. The highway through Goldsberry was called the west route.

Had Experts. The commissioners John T. Doneghy and Roscoe E. Gooding went over both of the routes. With them were the highway engineer and a good roads expert. The party reached Goldsberry shortly after noon and Mrs. W. A. Mingsus had dinner ready, a most excellent feast. The Mingsus home is on the west route. When the commissioners had toured both the east and west roads they returned to Macon to consult.

"Both are crackjack roads," declared Mr. Doneghy.

"Good Dinner, Eh?" "That's what they were," admitted Commissioner Gooding. "Say that was a rattling good dinner we had at Mingsus's, wasn't it?"

"You bet," replied Mr. Doneghy. "Say we'll have to go out that road to look after the work now and then—if we adopt it."

"I vote for the west road," said Mr. Gooding. "So do I," returned Mr. Doneghy. "What do you think about it, Tom?" "Suits me all right," the survey an-

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Few Secrets in Harem Says Turkish Maiden

Daughter of Official, Visiting in This Country, Shatters a Popular Belief.

CHICAGO, Aug. 5.—"You know," said Miss Sumayah Attiyeh, "in Turkey you would not be standing here talking to me. Ah, no! I should have a black veil over my face in the first place, and you would not know me—and besides it isn't allowed."

But it was not Turkey, but America, Miss Attiyeh went right ahead and told of the mistaken idea people have about harem life. Her remarks were an "advance" on what she planned to tell the membership of the Woman's Association of Commerce in Chicago.

"The dark secrets of the harem, as painted by imaginative writers, are not so dark and are not very much of secrets, either," said the black-eyed young woman, who is a native of Syria and the daughter of a Turkish government official.

"The fact is, the Turkish husband, for the most part, is an honorable, devoted husband and father. Divorces are much less common in Turkey than here for a Turkish gentleman will never ask for a divorce except upon the very best of grounds. The Turkish woman is forbidden to seek a divorce."

"Polygamy is practiced less formerly also. It is rare now that a man has more than two or—at the most—three wives. Many have only one and are devoted to the one. Children are numerous, as a rule, however—a style that is not practiced extensively in this country."

Miss Attiyeh told of many interesting customs of the Turkish people, including that of the professional matchmaker to arrange the marriages of young men and young women. The actual parties to the ceremony, she said, had little to say about it.

"But I am a Christian," she smiled, "and I am a citizen of the United States now, and I shall marry whom I please. No one shall choose my husband for me."

BARN TOO SMALL.

TOWANDA, Pa., Aug. 5.—A unique situation exists in Bradford county today. There is not a farm in the country with a barn large enough to store the season's crop of hay, let alone the grain crops. The farmers are at their wits' ends to know what to do with the "bumper" crops.

Australia, it is estimated, contains two-elevents of the world's total of sheep.

answered, "I don't believe I ever tasted better fried chicken than she gave us."

The west route was chosen.

Rockefeller Has Only One Billion It is Now Feared

If So, the Old Gentleman Will Have a Time Fighting Wolf from Door.

CLEVELAND, O., August 5.—Information of the existence of a balance sheet compiled a few days ago on the occasion of John D. Rockefeller's seventy-seventh birthday, showing that his private fortune, exclusive of endowment funds and other benefactions, exceeds a billion dollars, is said to be in possession of the authorities of Cuyahoga county.

The existence of the balance sheet, indicating that the oil king's fortune exceeds that of any man in the world, and indeed, in the history of the world, was discovered in the search for evidence to present in the United States circuit court of appeals in the forthcoming attempt of Cuyahoga county to force Mr. Rockefeller to pay taxes on holdings of more than \$300,000,000.

HERE'S A MYSTERY

Man Fails to Find Pipe in Place He Put It Fifty Years Ago.

WINSTED, Conn., August 5.—Half a century ago, when 65-year-old Horace Emmons, of Northville, a village in this county, attended the little school house in Winchester, the scene this week of a reunion of teachers and pupils of other days, he then a boy of 15, concealed a pipe in a cavity formed by two stones near a stone wall close to the school house. He hid it so that his teacher, Mrs. Nellie Miller, would not find it on his person.

Last Thursday Mr. Emmons visited the school for the first time in fifty years, and, after climbing over the stone wall, got down on his hands and knees and felt beneath the two stones. Old class mates asked Mr. Emmons what he was doing.

"Looking for my first pipe, which I hid here from the teacher," he replied.

He didn't find it.

Bombay averages more than 72 inches of rain a year and gets most of it within four or five months.

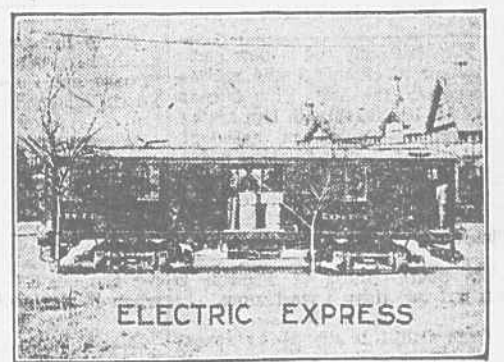
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